

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—The Constitution and its Currency.

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WHOLE NO. 239.

LABOR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us:
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, rolls up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its non-being stem it is risen.
"Labor is no whip!"—the robin is singing:
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen that eloquent whisper upspringing:
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breaking flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral tower.
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.
Labor is life!—'Tis the still water fellest;
Idleness ever despoileth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!
Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us:
Rest from all pretty vexation is it that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-systems that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow;
Work—and thou shalt ride over Gaea's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath We's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
Drop not the shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!
Work—for some good,—be it ever so slowly!
Cheerish some flower,—be it ever so slowly!
Labor! All labor is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

HOW LOOKS IT ABROAD?

In matters of foreign policy, the opinion of foreigners, not blinded by our domestic political hatreds is perhaps the best test. With that view, in the lamentations of the English journals, the true eulogium of the democracy and the course of the National Administration, may be found.

The following is from the London *Examiner*.

"The die is now cast, and we must resign ourselves to the annexation of Texas and all its consequences,—to the extension of a rival and a naval power round the shore of the Mexican Gulf, to the approximation of the same power to an immense region and coast on the Pacific,—to an incalculable impulse given to slavery and slave-breeding, as well as, we believe, slave-trading. Whilst we see France and her prohibitive tariff yearly advancing round the Mediterranean, and closing region after region, and port after port, to our commerce; so in the New World, we find the United States, whose prohibitive tariff is of our own creation, spread that tariff with its flag over shores the most open to our influence, the most favorable to our trade. If it is empty honour we lost, or the balance of power, or any of those superannuated, though to us good, motives, which the age has obliterated, we should say nothing; but we are losing trade, profits, power, shipping and substance, wanting alike the skill to keep, or the spirit to defend them."

From the London Morning Chronicle.

"Had we, indeed, on first recognizing the independence of Texas, procured a recognition of it from Mexico, and poured European Capital and population into it, we might have reared an independent state; but capitalists refused to repair thither, the American line emigrated to Texas. In such circumstances, to hope that Texas would not declare itself politically Anglo-American, as it was left to become in population and commercial connection, was idle. How strong the national current ran in that direction, we see from the unanimity of the Texan Assemblies. They are all American to a man. If they ever affected to desire independence, it was to force Jonathan to grant them fair terms.—This they seem to have got, though not without terrifying President Polk, by shaking hands with Capt. Elliott. The conditions of the United States were childish; the grudging Senate of Washington passed them, that the Texans might demur, that fresh negotiations might take place, that thus the matter should again come before Congress, and allow time and European interference, to defeat annexation. President Polk, has, however, defeated the purpose of his own Senate, he has out-promised and out-maneuvred England, cajoled the Texans into a vote of annexation, and acted thereon promptly by the despatch of ships and regiments, to the Rio Grande. Polk has shown himself in this, a worthy son of Jackson; indeed an improvement upon old Hickory, since he has avoided the violence and bloodshed, which accompanied the General's seizure of the Floridas. The question now is, whether the British Government and the of France, having failed, will be content to refrain from all further interference. Will they give up their treaties with Texas? Will Englishmen give up their claim upon Texas, as a portion of Mexico for the \$3,000,000 due by Mexico to them? Will these European powers remain strangers to the settlement of a new frontier between Mexico and the 30th State of the Union, or will attempts be made, by negotiation at Washington, to settle those in conjunction with the Oregon frontier? Mr. McLane is on his way to England, to negotiate the latter affair. The very mission shows a desire on the part of the President, to come to some amicable arrangement, and the sooner this is done the better, for the American zeal for territory, having been satisfied in the direction of Texas, will now throw itself into the Oregon question with the usual fury of appeals to popular desires. It remains to be seen what attitude will be taken by the American Whigs, by those who stigmatized annexation

If Mexico remain quiet, they will have but weak arguments to bring forward. President Polk's success, will add to his prosperity, as well as that of the Democrats; and there seems little doubt, that those are determined to follow up the victory by reducing the protecting tariff down to a tariff requisite for revenue alone.

We are assured that the following anecdote is authentic:

Two Irishmen met the other day in a neighboring village, when the death of Gen. Jackson was mentioned.

"Do you think," inquired Barney, "the old hero has gone to heaven?"

"Faix, and how should I know, replied Pat, "for sure I hav'n't heard whether he got absolution, or not at all."

"Absolution indeed!" exclaimed Barney, "what cared he for absolution! If he took it into his head to go to heaven, he would go there in spite of all the devils in hell—sure."

The Native American party, says the *Louisville Democrat*, is generally composed of young men, having no other merit, and very naturally inclined to substitute birth for every thing that is good and great. This is a weakness inherited in youth, and should be looked upon with some degree of allowance. Age and experience will teach them that worth makes the man, after all, and not the place of his birth—that, henceforth, a more liberal spirit is to pervade the world—that men are to be judged by their principles and their conduct, and not by their birth, or set up because they first saw the sun in this or that quarter of the globe. The day is coming, if it has not already come, when men shall regard one another, and be considered as brethren of the same family. If a man who is born in Ireland, or Great Britain, or Germany, is, on that account, not to be considered the equal of another, born on the banks of the Ohio, or at the foot of the Rocky mountains, then, by the same rule, an individual born in Connecticut is a mere Yankee, and unfit to stand by the side of that wild, though noble specimen of humanity, called a Kentuckian; and *vice versa*, a native of Kentucky must be a Yahoo and a barbarian in the land of steady habits.—Surely, this vulgar prejudice of contracted minds must be behind the age.

THE ORANGE COUNTY MASTODON.—Almost the entire skeleton of this huge animal has been exhumed from the peaty soil in Coldenham, six miles from Newburgh, and is now being set up at the latter place. As all the bones were in their proper places, the animal must have remained some thousand years, perhaps, in the position in which he sank down, which was upon his haunches, with his hind legs extended, and his head thrown around upon his side. The length of the skull is 3 feet 10 inches; distance between the eye-sockets 2 feet 1 inch, width of occiput 2 feet 7 inches, length of tusks 9 feet 4 inches, circumference of tusks 4 feet, length of shoulder blade 2 feet 3 inches, width of do. 2 feet 4 inches, length of humerus 3 feet 1 inch, diameter of head of do. 1 foot, length of spinous process of back bone 2 feet, whole diameter of pelvis 3 feet 4 inches, weight of thigh bone 55 pounds.—All the bones were in a state of perfect preservation; but the tusks fell to pieces on exposure to the air. The bone of the fore leg set up with the shoulder blade, are 8 feet high; the weight of the head and tusks is 392 lbs., and all of the bones found, 1935 lbs., the number of bones being 220. The length of the skeleton is thirty-three feet!—We understand from a gentleman who has seen the skeleton, that it will be exhibited here soon; but as we have the one lately brought from New Jersey, as well as the *Hydrargos* on exhibition, the anticipation of the proprietors may not be realized. This is the eleventh skeleton of this extraordinary animal which has been found in this country, besides numerous portions of others. Six other skeletons of the mastodon have been found in the same valley in the State of New Jersey, showing that valley to have been a favorite resort of the mastodon.—*N. Y. Times*.

EDUCATING THE MASSES.—The idea of instructing and elevating the masses belongs to modern times; it opens our new doctrine to the world. The ancient legislators would not have comprehended it: the legislators of the middle ages would only have seen in it impiety, as they considered that knowledge ought to belong only to the church; consequently, no people, up to the present time, has produced all that it might produce; I do not say in wisdom or in virtue, but merely in intelligence. This is a sublime spectacle which was wanting on the earth, and which is now preparing for future generations. Here woman's mission reveals itself.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of good society as it is called, or school them in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there is any standard of good manners, it is founded on reason and good sense, and not upon those artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same

perpetual smile on the face, and the same congealing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty, it may be rough, grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation, "How are you, my friend?"

THE FREEDOM OF INDUSTRY.

Suppose our Government were to send officers through all the cities and villages of the land, clothed with full authority to inquire into the pursuits of each man, and to assign him to labor at one or another kind of employment, according as he was rich or poor, had strong and wealthy friends or was friendless and alone. It would be considered one of the most tyrannical acts which could be performed by any civil government. Suppose the pretence given out by the government for this strange conduct was that it might so regulate the industry of the country as to cause her to produce within herself all that her wants required, and thereby the nation might be made independent of all other nations, would this pretence be considered a sufficient reason for controlling every man in the exercise of that liberty to work when and where he pleased? So far from it, the people would exclaim with one voice that the government was making them most truly slaves. No government that exists over any civilized society could at this day maintain itself in such a flagrant aggression openly made on this reserved and sacred right of mankind.

But to accomplish this very object, which no civil government dare attempt openly, an artful way has been devised, which not only takes from the citizen his freedom of industry, but by the force of circumstances assigns him, and in most cases his posterity after him, to particular kinds of drudgery and servitude, if he is poor; or, if rich, opens to him golden treasures to be won only by his wealth and the sinews of his wealthy neighbors. Monstrous as such a measure must necessarily be, it has been brought forward with such plausible reasons,—its deformities hidden under a golden robe, and its evils so solemnly declared to be blessings to the country, that the mass of the people have too easily been seduced to lend it a ready ear and a helping hand. The enemies of mankind have always heretofore beguiled them to forge their own fetters. A protective tariff destroys the freedom of industry.

By freedom of industry, we mean not only the natural and sacred right which every man possesses to employ his capacities, either mental or physical, in any pursuit he may choose, but also to receive the full and natural reward due to his exertions. How can this be enjoyed when our government passed a law which forbids the farmer to exchange his flour and beef and pork for the wooden cloths of England, with which to clothe himself and his sons, under the penalty of paying a fine of one fortieth of the entire value of the cloths he may obtain. Or if he wishes to make the exchange for calicoes or twines, or delaines for his wife and daughters, he must pay a fine of nine cents on every square yard which he obtains, or a fine of the whole value, whichever will amount to the largest sum.

Does that farmer receive the full and natural reward of his industry when he is fined by the government for seeking the most profitable market? By no means. What is the consequence? The moment you deprive the farmer of the full and natural reward due to his industry, that moment you reduce all the small farmers to poverty. All those farmers who, by their honest toil, were before only able to satisfy the absolute wants of a young and growing family, now deprived of the full rewards due to their labor, do find at once their scanty incomes diminished, their families more straitened, and grant poverty by gaining to pinch them. What shall be done? Their children must find their parents a helping hand, and forsaking the scenes of childhood and the schoolroom, they go into the cotton or woolen factory established by a rich neighbor, who by means of his capital has been enabled to take advantage of the oppressive law. If the farmer has only infant children he must either emigrate or seek some more profitable labor, which may be presented by the new circumstances into which society is thrown. Perhaps he can turn nail maker, or get employment in dyeing works, or in an iron foundry, or hat factory, earthenware manufactory, or any of the various pursuits to which the effect of the new law is to command a large mass of the citizens to betake themselves. That is, it creates such a combination of circumstances that they are forced to forsake the pursuits they have chosen and resort to others to obtain the necessities of life. On the other hand, these very circumstances command the capitalist, who is located in any favorable portion of the country, to withdraw his wealth from those profitable and agreeable enterprises in which it is engaged, and to apply it to manufactures of some kind. Capitalists not thus favorably situated for manufacturing must shift for themselves; perhaps go to speculating in stocks, embark in schemes for new railroads, or continue their former pursuits with reduced profits. Now where is the freedom of industry in these cases? Not only is the

farmer prevented from obtaining the full and natural reward due to his exertions, but multitudes of the poorer class in every pursuit are, by the force of circumstances, as directly and effectually compelled to resort to some other, and to them novel, kind of labor, as if the officers of the government had gone to their abodes and commanded them to change.

The case of the planter is no better. If he sells his cotton for iron he must pry a fine of twenty-five dollars on every ton he obtains from abroad; or else he must purchase an article at the iron foundries of Pennsylvania, which he never would have taken unless so commanded by the circumstances created under the new law of the government. It is useless to multiply instances; every one can see them and apply them. It is in vain that we boast of our freedom of religion, our freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, so long as we have not freedom of industry. A combination of unnatural circumstances created by an unjust law of the government, makes slaves of a large mass of us. Yet it is our pompous boast that we have inherited from our fathers the most perfect principles of civil and political liberty. If this be true, then can we be too timid to dare to carry them out, or so weak and greedy as to sacrifice them to the deceitful temptations of money?

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.—Is of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected, and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good will have arisen and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, become his triumph, which the often obtained by a chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employment which in its various glades, excludes neither the opulent or the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation without contention or ill will.

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.—That unknown, but certainly not unfit, sign of the 'Methodist Protestant,' 'Old Gilbert,' thus discourses in the last of his series of 'little nothings,' as he modestly calls his quaint essays.

"Educate your daughter thoroughly. Woman needs education more than man. So old Gilbert thinks. Woman moulds the world. Woman gives character to the church. You may depend on Old Gilbert in this opinion. The instruction of daughters may be confined to teachers, but the mother alone can educate them."

These words 'instruct' and 'educate' as used, are certainly not without their significance. The term 'education' is far more comprehensive than commonly supposed.—*Sat. Visitor*.

Who that has read Milton's noble eulogy on books but must feel a desire to collect and preserve with affectionate care those depositories of the "precious life-blood of master spirits"—to afford an asylum to them from the contempt or indifference or rough usage of the world at large and to have them always near him as companions and guides and own familiar friends. But we cannot avoid quoting the passage at length and there is no need of an apology for our so doing.—"For books are not absolutely dead things but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Charleston Mercury*.

REASON AND THE PASSIONS.—There is not a more energetic revelation of the social deviation of man, not a clearer proof of the subversion in which he is plunged, than the revolt of his perverted and false reason against his natural Attractions, against the eternal Harmonies, toward which his noble nature gravitates. The most striking and synthetical affirmation of social evil, is to be found in the fact, that man is sunk so deeply in evil, that he considers this evil as his element. It is this fatal belief which has paralyzed for so many centuries human intelligence, and has been an obstacle to any bold search for an outlet, which would lead from the present subversion to Harmony.—*Victor Considerant*.

MICHIGAN.—The Michigan Democratic State Convention seems to have been conducted with great harmony. The attendance of delegates was quite full, and the entire proceedings indicated the best of feeling.—Judge Alpheus Felch, a most estimable and worthy man was nominated for Governor, and Wm. L. Greenly of Lenawee for Lieutenant Gov. They will be elected by a triumphant vote.—*Goshen Democrat*.

DEVELOPE THE MORAL POWERS.—All our moral powers exist in us. The highest aim of our teachers should be to disengage and call them forth, but this is what they think the least of. Without troubling themselves as to whether the house be already full; they only busy themselves about furnishing it. They fatigue the intellect with their wearisome maxims, and they leave asleep the faculties of the soul which could render these maxims intelligible. * * * To speak to little children of God, is in other terms to present to their contemplation the object to which all souls ought to tend.—Cause the sentiment of infinity to recognize itself in the presence of the infinite God, and nothing will be lost even amidst our terrestrial passions, if from the depth of their darkness man has still a glimpse of the radiant path to heaven. * * * Is there on earth a vice which will not fall before the revelation of the beautiful? an error which will not vanish before the light of reason? and is not conscience more powerful than the sword, the faggot, torture or pleasure? Develop in Caesar the moral sentiment which animated Cato, and Rome will be free, and Caesar will be great. Develop in Alexander the sentiment of the beautiful which animated Socrates; give to his ambition the infinity of virtue, and instead of conquering the world Alexander would render it happy. A generous thought in the soul of the mother was then only required to save the human race.

There is something so exquisitely beautiful in the following extract from an Illinois paper, addressed to the principal mistress of a female academy in Quincy, that we could wish to see it copied in every paper throughout the Union.—*Troy Mail*.

"Imagine for a moment, that a beautiful diamond is placed in your hand, on which you are required to engrave a sentiment, which must be read at the great day of account, in the presence of listening angels, and assembling worlds! What care would you exercise, what industry would you use to select from the vast common-wealth of letters, a sentence, pure, chaste, refined and holy! No cost—no pains—no efforts would be lacking!"

Permit me then to say to you, that this is your present situation. Precious innocent hearts, in all the purity of childhood's delightful bloom, are placed in your keeping; and the duty of engraving principles there, which will outlive the sun, and live—and still live—and live on forever, devolves on you. Yes these diamonds, more precious than orient pearls—more costly than the sweet little star that smiles the dying day to sleep—will soon be removed from your hands and locked up in the archives of eternity. And when all nations shall be assembled to hear their final doom, they will be again unfolded, and some swift winged angel as he bends his loftiest flight around the tree of life, will catch the echo of your present instructions, and with his silver trumpet pour them into the ears of unnumbered millions!"

ANSWER OF THE YUCATECASE.—A call was recently made upon them for their quota of troops to assist the General Government in case of a war with this country. The authorities, after deliberating for four hours upon the demand of the Secretary, returned an answer, "that in case of an invasion of their own territory by the United States, that they would raise a sufficient force to repel the invaders, but that they could not assist troops to Mexico, in a war against the United States."

THE TRUE SPIRIT.—Six hundred Irishmen in New Orleans, assembled in public meeting on the demand for troops, and with the greatest enthusiasm declared their readiness to enrol themselves for the defence of their adopted country. The German Yagers also volunteered to a man. Indeed, the enthusiasm of the citizens of foreign birth, was not a whit less than the true native feeling manifested on this occasion.

TO CAUSE NEEDLES TO FLOAT UPON WATER.—Place carefully a fine, clean and perfectly dry sewing needle horizontally upon water; it will swim, although the specific gravity of the needle is considerably greater than that of the water. This effect is owing to the cohesive attraction of particles of water to each other, which the small weight of the needle is not sufficient to overcome.

By a new process of lithographic printing, lately invented in France, 20,000 instead of 1,000, the usual number of impressions of writing by the common lithographic press, can be obtained in 12 hours, and also 1,000 instead of 250 impressions of designs. This is a valuable invention.

There's nothing I hate so much as cant of all kinds; it is a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a man cant in religion, clap your hand into your pocket, and lay tight hold of your pus, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're alive; and if a man cant in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are just the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to canting, it's like the fox reaching to the geese, he'll eat up his whole congregation; and if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as rats. The Lord have mercy on you, for he won't. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook any time, than one that's half covered with bad bait.—*Sam. Slick*.